

To Save Some.

all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Jubilee day has come and gone, hounded and observed in many different ways, and with many and varied results. By its observation, men and women have been helped or uplifted. If the end and sentiment of the nation have been in anyway knit closer together and concentrated more securely in a common centre, that shall conduce to the peace and contentment of individuals and so bring about a benefit to the commonwealth so much the better. But this day so, we cannot help feeling that it has been purchased at a cost in no wise commensurate with its value.

It has brought glory to the state and crown, and also brought sin, grief, and misery to individuals, and pain and sorrow and need of thousands of families and houses. All this never, is beside our ark, and in any case we are glad to know that Salvation is all through the dominion, and all over the world, have heard the Jubilee song to a blessed sound, and whilst the ensigns of the nations have been waving in exultation for fifty years of good government.

IS GLAD—AND—TUNE

It has been leading us to victory over sin and sorrow and shame.

Jubilee Day in the city was observed by the Salvationists in manner fitting the occasion, and from early morning well into the night, an incessant onslaught was kept up on the powers of evil and temptation. All these things no doubt will be reported by the paper press in the proper places, but there is one incident connected with the day's proceedings to which we will refer, the great march, and we do so only because it is another proof of such were needed of the success and wisdom of the Army's chief system of teaching, namely, the utilization of surrounding circumstances to the Divine purposes and their

"IMITATION OF THE FEEDS OF THE HOUSE."

There were marches in the evening on each of the six city barracks, all terminating at the Temple for the great Jubilee Demonstration, and while each of these was attractive, pleasing and useful, that of the Temple corps was something altogether unique and stirring. There was a splendid muster of soldiers, and we were glad to see at the superabundance of

STRENGTHENERS AND JOY—CROWN

the afternoon had not intermingled

any from the march, even though as we have heard the band itself contained a whole *Orchestra* full of the luscious fruit. However, the band boys were at their best, and led by the Training Home lasses in Jubilee attire, the march and its music soon attracted the attention of the crowds of holiday-makers upon the sidewalk. It had not proceeded far when an event both unusual and tragic raised to fever-heat the excitement of the spectators. In the ranks might have been seen a seedy-looking individual whom the charitably disposed would have no doubt pronounced as a recently captured drunk, and from his uneven course and tottering gait, one could have easily imagined that the effects of his evil courses had not as yet altogether disappeared. Suddenly an individual

Temple Corps. The delusion was a complete success. As the march proceeded one old chum of the supposed drunk suggested that he should "do a run," and commenced to clear the small boys out of the way for the purpose. The police on the various beats advanced from time to time to lend their aid in carrying the prisoner stationward and several had almost laid their hands upon him before they saw through the delusion, and with a smile of amusement or a grunt of contempt they retired to their station on the corner. Every moment the crowd increased and the excitement intensified, and by the time the Temple was reached the roadways were blocked with a surging mass of all sorts and conditions of men; indeed, it appeared doubtful at one time

THE RESCUE HOME.

AN APPEAL.

Most of our friends will know by this time we have started the Rescue work at the Officers' Quarters, 270 Farley Ave. and over twenty girls have already passed through, several of them we believe are really saved, who were once far from God and all that was good. Our great difficulty is, the house is not half large enough. We have no private room for the poor sick ones and some of our girls have to sleep on the floor. The Commissioner tells me he has a large house in view, but it wants furnishing and some alterations. This we cannot do without cash. I am sure we have only to ask and you will help us in this matter. One clear man gave me a dollar the other day saying he had made up his mind to give us ten cents a week for the Rescue work. A dear woman after seeing our girls in the meeting went home, but could not eat or sleep till she had promised God she would do something to help rescue those poor girls. She told it to her husband and he has promised her five cents from every deal he makes, she is asking all her customers to do likewise. I am sure of our many friends all are longing to do something to help us, it may be, you cannot all give your dollars, but some can give a quarter, some ten and some five cents per week the same as our brother and sister mentioned above, perhaps some could send along some bed linen, prints or clothing, any of these things would be thankfully received.

Yours to rescue the fallen.

B. Jones,
Staff Captain R. H.

Capt. M. writes:—I visited a comrade, who called out, "Come in, come in." After conversing about his soul, I remarked, "You have a nice home." "Yes," he said; "it is our own." I exclaimed, "Not your own?" "Yes," he replied; "that God I the monkey's off it now. Look here," he continued, "before I gave my heart to God I had nothing; but now, thank God I have a good home." And with a great deal of praise and praise, he showed us through his home.



A JUBILEE PROCESSION.

in the garb of the city police appears on the scene, and grabbing our unsteady friend by the collar he unceremoniously hustles him from the ranks, and marches him to a prison some paces in the rear of the colors, there hanging on to his prisoner in the most professional style. Of course the crowds were seized with the most intense curiosity, what could the fellow have been doing, and it was quite evident to them that

"ANOTHER SALVATIONIST IS RESCUED."

was the accomplished fact. The small boys were delighted, the crowds by turns indignant and sympathetic, one irrepressible newspaper man wanted to interview the prisoner on the spot, and even "War Cry" was for some minutes in perplexity before he recognized in the unconscious "Grog" a Chief of the

if the prisoner would be lauded after all. However, landed he was, and after he had passed into the building the crowd suddenly awoke to the reality and roars of laughter were mingled with the volleys of the troops, and of course there was a big rush for places inside. One individual declared in his beer-besotted wisdom that he "tumbled to the facts," and it was only

"A BARGE TO GATHER A SUMMER"

after all. Such indeed turned out to be the result, for a poor drunkard attracted by the show got inside and found Salvation with some others before the meeting closed. No doubt some one growled, the devil would at least, but in this instance the end sanctified the means and demonstrated the wisdom of adaptation, and by this means "some were saved."

up to the people
well. I am under the im
the work on the Island is
began, and I pray that t
come when every heart i
filled with the love of Jam
voice shall sing "Under
flag."

many today who are le-



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 On Calvary's Rugged Cross where He Died.

By MAJOR BARRETT.

Thus—"Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus there on yonder mountain, between the dying thorns,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

With throbbing pain and anguish His soul and body heaved,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

Oh, woe, the precious blood is flowing.

Is flowing from Jesus' rivin' side;

It'll take your sins and sorrows, your doubts and fears away.

At Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

Oh, what a wondrous wonder, His spirit His precious blood,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

A crimson, cleansing current—a sin-removing flood,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

No groans, His thirst, His faintness, His prayers "Father forgive,"

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

Oh! sinners hear the tidings—eternal life He'll give,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

Rejoicing there a welcome if thou wilt now return,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

For thee thy life and sinful, His heart with love did burn,

On Calvary's rugged Cross where He died.

Depositing writhed drunkard Calvary's foe is he,

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Come every burdened sinner and He will set thee free,

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3 Up There.

By R. T. BRADY, BAYLOR.

Thus—"They may there's a beautiful city."

We have and believe there's a city With walls and foundations here,

That the grandeur of all earth's ages Can never with it compare.

We know, we are sure it is there.

We see, we do see, as it passes, Lining in His light every day;

What rest and peace of mind, happiness and joy I do find.

Living in His light every day.

Oh, how oft I have heard of a Saviour Who came up as boundless as the sea,

How he came down from Heaven and All to purchase redemption for me.

And sometimes when touched by the story,

I have desired the Spirit with thee.

That salvation was meant for vile wretches

And not for the moral like me.

Just then I felt the great assurance, That this kind of Prince which pardon is so free,

Through His precious blood tender comes to me.

Will in some way or other save me.

Will you, will you be there?

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3 I Love to Talk With Jesus.

By TRUDA CHASE.

Thus—"I want to be an Angel."

I love to talk with Jesus And tell Him all my fears,

When my heart is full of sorrow And my eyes are dim with tears.

I tell Him all my fears and fears And long to be at rest,

Then I feel His arms about me," 'Till I kneel upon His breast.

He seems to answer gently, "Come—'twill comfort me."

I will not leave you comfortless, I never will forsake.

Oh! then I am so happy, I know I am so happy,

I know my blessed Saviour Has made me all His own.

I will not be discouraged, But at His feet I'll fall;

Oh! hear with my Saviour Will more than pay for all.

Then in my home I pray, Desperate friends I'll save,

And I will talk with Jesus And He will talk with me.

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Oh, what a wondrous wonder, His spirit His precious blood,

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4 At War for Jesus.

By CAPT. JOHN BERNARD, COT.

Thus—"I want to be a fighting man."

We are at war for Jesus, We fight against all sin,

We did men cease to rebel, And be at peace with Him.

We all must meet the Lord Before Him we must stand,

Oh! listen and make ready, To sit at His right hand.

Oh! drinkman drop the cursed cup, Oh! gambler leave thy sinful road,

Oh! thief and liar, Oh! drunkard drop the cursed cup,

Oh! gambler leave thy sinful road, Oh! thief and liar,

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5 Highway Reflectors.

By HARRY WICKES, COBURN.

Thus—"I want to be a reflecting mirror."

We want to be reflecting mirrors, Of things one self who art the Light;

Oh! then I am so happy, I know I am so happy,

I know my blessed Saviour Has made me all His own.

I will not be discouraged, But at His feet I'll fall;

Oh! hear with my Saviour Will more than pay for all.

Then in my home I pray, Desperate friends I'll save,

And I will talk with Jesus And He will talk with me.

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Oh, what a wondrous wonder, His spirit His precious blood,

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6 The Light of the World.

By HARRY WICKES, COBURN.

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At Calvary's



Ottawa to Glory.

answer to the groaning entreaties
help that comes from every quarter,
the millions that are ready to
lab.

Count the Cost, consider the need, and
send in your application to

Headquarters,
Evangelical Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

T. B. Coombs,
Comm.

